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Title: a page from a diary

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## Sunday - All Hallows' Eve

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It is so infuriating the way these wisps treat me like some petulant child. They are the ones that came to me looking for that stupid pile of bones! In spite of their lack of interpersonal skills they have been very resourceful in the passing of information. It seems they could care less who they kill, who they deal with, or the details of anything really, as long as their interests are being served. I wish everyone was as easy to work with.

My own dragon slaves have been out numbered by the creatures I have been given the power to summon from nothingness. The wisps surround me and tell me to think of the tool I need and it appears. Even these complicated monstrocities called machines that are turley terrible. I even made a mechanical man and woman! hah hah hah! So I am given the ability to build my own armies and all I have to do is look for some stupid artifact from ages ago. I wonder what they want it for? Prob some souvenir for some Wisp prince, do Wisps have royalty?

The Knights of the Crux

Ansata are proving to be a bigger thorn in my side than I originally planned. They were all supposed to be dead! Now they are reborn into some loose militia, but their numbers are staggering. Thankfully I have had time to prepare for them. My two lovely dragons, Inequity and Injustice have grown into enormously powerful creatures. They each hold a single artifact of great power, the Sword Caliburn and the Shield of Valor. Both I stole under the nose of that sleepy old man Simeon Bennu on my way out the door. Silly old man, I even hear that he is making his favorite little squire do all the work now! hah hah hah!

They were going to come for me 4 days ago, they seemingly figured out my cipher. If they had come then, I would have been surprised, now that I know they are coming I shall not be here when they do. My armies are set, Injustice and Inequity know their role well. They will come for me and find nothing but shadows! ha ha!